

THE LIGUORIAN

In the Service of

OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

April 1932

IN THIS ISSUE

OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP - - - - - 179
T. Z. Austin, C.Ss.R.

FATHER TIM CASEY - - - - - 146
C. D. McEnniry, C.Ss.R.

GATHERED AT DAWN - - - - - 157
P. J. Etzig, C.Ss.R.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Holidays	145
Bro. Reginald, C.Ss.R.	
The House of Contradiction	172
D. F. Miller, C.Ss.R.	
Ven. Peter Donders, C.Ss.R. (Ch. IX)	164
N. Govers, C.Ss.R.	
The True Cross	153
Sr. M. Philomena	
Our Lady in Limerick	169
T. A. Murphy, C.Ss.R.	
Catholic Anecdotes	182
Pointed Paragraphs	184
Catholic Events	188
Book Reviews	191
Lucid Intervals	192

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THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

VOL. XX.

APRIL, 1932

No. 4

Holidays

When we recall the youthful hours,
No vision breaks with clearer rays,
Nor binds in retrospective bowers,
As Memory's dream of holidays.

Our hearts were light, our work was done,
And homeward now our steps we traced —
The birds sang with us to the sun,
While life's sweet joys all else effaced.

The dear ones waiting at the door —
The thousand things to see and tell,
Still linger with us ever more,
Where deepest chords of reverie swell.

How shall it be with our frail barque,
When it shall breast the ebbing tide,
As night draws outward through the dark
To sweep us past the great divide?

May we not hope to find again
Those brightest moments as of yore?
In all their grandeur of refrain,
As we first step upon the shore?

And oh! what bliss to meet them there,
Those dear ones that we gave to Thee!
While years have flown, oh, Lord, Thy care
Shall be our pledge of unity.

—Brother Reginald, C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

SCIENCE AND RELIGION

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

In a little railway restaurant a group of chance table-mates were discussing their beefsteak and potatoes—and, of course, religion. All the Popes together, in the course of nineteen hundred years, never pronounced so many absolute dogmas as did these men during a brief dinner between trains.

"Religion," the salesman was informing them, "religion does not consist in sitting through a tiresome church service every Sunday; religion, real religion, means giving the other fellow a square deal."

"Religion, my friend, simply *isn't*—a dead issue, a back number, a has-been. Religion was backed off the boards when science arrived. That is the point I make in my lecture, 'Science versus Religion'." This came from a self-satisfied man with a deep, mellow voice.

A timid little creature in a faded black suit looked up eagerly: "Ah, then, you are the lecturer announced for the county seat this evening."

"I plead guilty to the charge. Do you know the town?"

"I ought to know it. I've been clerking in Wolruff's Dry Goods there for nigh onto twenty years."

"Here's hoping I don't shock any of your good people." The lecturer was magnificent in his condescension. "Indeed, I find most Americans quite ready to listen to the truth, even though it does jar loose some of the old-fashioned notions lodged in their heads in childhood. Has the proposed lecture stirred up a strong protest among the church-goers?"

"No," the clerk replied, with more frankness than diplomacy, "the only remarks I have heard were to the effect that they thought it would be dry. You see, we have so many lectures on so many topics these days that we are rather fed up on them."

The lecturer was taken aback by this unintentional thrust. At the same moment, however, he caught sight of a priest seated at a little table in the window alcove. Raising his voice, he inquired: "And the clergy? Have they been giving me my share of free advertising? Condemning my heretical doctrines—consigning me to the lower regions and so forth and so forth?"

"I couldn't say; I don't belong to any church."

"That's where you show your good sense. The Church, my friend, would keep you in error, in fetters. Forget the Church and turn to science. Science gives us truth; and truth makes us free."

Father Timothy Casey—for that was the name of the priest at the little table in the window alcove—was itching to put a few pointed questions, to puncture this hot-air balloon. "But why give the fellow free advertising—just what he is angling for? A discussion with a priest in the railroad eating-house would bring more hearers to his lecture. No; let him ramble; I'll pay no heed to him." That is what Father Casey was saying to himself. The lecturer, however, had a different thought: "That priest is trying to ignore me. He simply can't do it. I know his kind—they fall the hardest. In less than five minutes I shall have him out in the middle of the floor talking with both hands." Then he said aloud: "The only reason people ever took to religion is because they were strangers to science. Prehistoric man observed things he could not explain—terrifying natural phenomena—tornadoes, earthquakes, eclipses. A thinking being wants to know the cause of what it sees. Not having science to teach him the real cause of these phenomena, he concluded they must have been wrought by an invisible being—a being, invisible, yet of tremendous power and extraordinary intelligence. Of course, he tried to keep on the good side of that formidable being by praying to it, offering sacrifices to it, avoiding whatever might offend it. And there you have religion!"

"Slick as a whistle!" cried the cattleman.

"Never heard it put so clear before," declared the salesman.

The little clerk expanded his narrow chest and secretly congratulated himself that he had made a timely profession of irreligion.

Feeling he was making a decided hit, the lecturer hastened to continue: "Science tells us, for example, that an eclipse is caused by the moon's passing between the sun and the earth; and so we need no longer imagine a God who gets angry with men and shuts off the sunlight to punish them for their naughtiness."

"Funny, isn't it?" said the cattleman, "the wise guys in Egypt and Araby and them heathen countries were always star-gazin' and still they never caught the moon headin' in for to stage one of them eclipses. Funny, isn't it?"

The lecturer eyes him suspiciously. "Is that old cow-puncher as simple as he looks, or is the bow-legged, stoop-shouldered crook trying

to make an ass of me? Some of these prairie dogs are omnivorous readers, and they manage to amass a vast amount of information on a surprising number of topics." Not daring to take a chance, he decided to admit the truth, even though it did take some of the snap out of his proposition. "The Chaldeans, Persians, et cetera, knew the real reason of eclipses, but religion was by that time so well entrenched that it was not easily dislodged. Besides, there were many other natural phenomena for which even the wisest men of the time did not know the scientific reason. And so they still felt the need of the imaginary being called God. And then, too, there was another reason—another very good reason why religion should hold on . . ." He stopped and grinned significantly.

"Yeah? What was that?"

"The priests needed a job."

During the laugh that followed, Father Casey wondered how much longer he could keep his heroic resolution of remaining silent. For the fraction of a second he caught the cattleman's eye. "There's a man that hates sham and has enough solid common sense to see through the sophisms of this windbag. I can safely leave the matter to him," he thought.

"Everything else can be explained as easily as an eclipse, without dragging God into the picture?" the clerk wanted to know.

"Exactly. Just as an eclipse used to be considered a mysterious manifestation of the Deity and is now known to be a natural result caused by the moon's moving between the earth and the sun, so — "

"That's all as simple as ropin' a steer," cried the cattleman. "Eclipse caused by movement of moon: movement of moon caused by — ?"

"By forces of attraction and repulsion," the lecturer supplied.

"Great! And forces of attraction and repulsion caused by — ?"

"By presence of other heavenly bodies."

"Atta boy! And presence of other heavenly bodies caused by — ? But what's the doggone use? If we keep on asking fool questions we'll get into the same mess as the prehistoric bunch that had no science class in their bone caves."

"Yes, but just what is science?" asked the clerk.

While the lecturer was striving to recall the most overpowering paragraph in his lecture, he lost his chance—the cattleman had the floor.

"You know that foolish is the opposite to wise, don't you—and that wet is the opposite to dry?"

"Yes, of course, but what has that to do with —"

"Waal, science is the opposite to religion. Am I right, friend?" to the lecturer.

"Yes — that is —" The lecturer, accustomed to holding the attention of a restless audience, had a strong voice; the cattleman, used to outshouting a storm as he rode singing around a herd of nervous steers to prevent a stampede, had a stronger one. He broke in now, and the lecturer's words were drowned in the roar.

"Religion says God made the world; science says He didn't. Religion says you've got a soul; science says you haven't. Religion says the boss should pay a fair wage and the hand should do an honest day's work; science says they shouldn't. Religion says one wife at a time; science says several."

"Say, you are the boy that ought to be giving this lecture. You have made a convert of me already. I had been thinking of getting religion; now I'm decided to get science instead. How do you go about it to get science?"

The salesman had addressed his question to the lecturer, but that gentleman threw back his head in outraged silence to show his indignation with the way they were burlesquing his scholarly theme. Sir Oracle failing, the cattleman essayed to answer in his stead.

"They's two ways of gettin' science," he said. "One is to take it on faith. That's how I did. I couldn't get mine dissectin' bugs and diggin' up fossils. I haven't the time. I have a herd of short-horns and a half-a-dozen cow-hands. If I don't mosey around and give 'em a smile ever so often, they'll both go to the bow-wows. So I had to take on faith whatever science I encountered readin' books or listenin' to lectures (at so much per). But that isn't the right way. I reckon that is why science never really took on me."

"Then tell us—what is the right way?"

"Waal, a reg'lar thoroughbred scientist mustn't believe nothing he sees in books or hears in lectures; he must go out and find it for himself."

"But if he was sure the other fellow had the right dope, he could believe him, couldn't he, and save a lot of personal investigation?"

"No, sir, he couldn't. If he would do that in science, the next thing he would be doing the same in religion, and land right back where he started with the prehistoric cavemen."

"But if they cannot believe anything they hear or read, how are they going to become scientists?"

"Research, sir; research."

"Which means?"

"Lookin' for things, figgerin' them out for yourself, you know, playin' a lone hand, goin' out into the jungle until you catch swamp fever or some wild animal nobody'd ever seen before, and then writin' a book to tell the world that you had found the missin' link—or shuttin' up a bunch of guinea-pigs in a hen coop and feedin' them rough-on-rats, and then writin' a book about their dyin' sentiments."

"Why write a book?"

"In the interests of science, sir, in the interests of science."

"But if a scientist must not believe what he reads in books, how will the writing of a book advance the cause of science?"

"Aw, shucks, what did you bring that up for!"

"Now listen, do you know anybody that became a scientist by his own unaided research alone, without the help of books or teachers?"

"I sure do—too doggone well. That's my own boy, Frank. This all happened some years back. The cattle business had been purty good (it was before we got farm relief), and I had a few hundred dollars salted away. I figgered the quickest way to get rid of that filthy lucre and the concomitant worry was to send my oldest son to the university and get him made into a scientist. Now, I am blamed sure that boy, Frank, never learned nothing from a book or a professor all the time he was in school, so he must have got his science from research."

"Hold on a minute! Are you sure he got any science?"

"Am I sure? Why, during his four years at the university, that young rascal got so much science that he wouldn't sing a hymn or say a prayer to save his good-for-nothing neck from the hangman—no, sir, nor do a tap of work nor pay a debt nor keep a commandment. That boy sure did get science."

"There can be no question about it," said the salesman. "Judging from your description, he ought to grade a hundred percent scientific."

"And he got it by research, too, I'm telling you. Why, even now he goes down town every night researchin' around some gambling den, bootleg joint, or such like. It has happened that he was on the premises when the police came to do a little research of their own. They picked him up along with the rest of the young scientists. I had to bail him out the next morning. The boy's mother was mighty worked up about

it; she thought it hadn't ought to happened. The good woman still harbors the delusion that even a scientist might be fit for something if he only forgot what he learned in college and got down to honest work. Waal, the next time she brung him up his ham and eggs and coffee, she sits down by the bed and talks right serious to him. At the end of her little homily she sits there waitin' for a profession of amendment. Finally the boy speaks up. 'Mom,' he says, 'you're all wet. Not that I hold it agin' you,' he says, 'seein' you never had a university education; you can't be expected to know no better. You mustn't scold me for any little moral slips I happen to have chalked up agin' me, for modern science has demonstrated that a guy does what he does because he can't help it. The dice are loaded, the race is framed—you get me? He's set by nature and circumstances to do certain things, just like a corn-planter is set to drop grains three feet apart. To scold him for doin' what he did, or for not doin' what he never did, is just as silly as to cuss and swear at a corn-planter, as I've heard Dad,' the young scalawag adds, 'as I've heard Dad doin' on sundry occasions.' Then he finished the last piece of toast and took another cup of coffee. 'I trust you get me, Mom,' he observes, and rolls over for another nap. 'You're doggone right I get you,' says Mom, grabbin' the tray and headin' for the stairs. 'And furthermore,' says Mom, 'if you're not set by nature and circumstances to drag your lazy hulk out of that bed inside of ten minutes, I'll lock the door and throw a hornets' nest in the window. If a hornet stings a scientist, it's because he doesn't know any better, he never had a college education'."

The lecturer pushed back his plate in disgust (having first taken pains to empty it) and rose from the table. "This crude horse-play is not the kind of humor that appeals to me," he snapped. "If you cared to talk seriously, like grown-up men, I should be glad to remain and discuss this question with you, but since —"

The cattleman poked a long, scarred finger into the speaker's waistcoat. "Friend, right here and now I'm going to talk serious, like a grown-up man, and this is what I'm goin' to say: If you're givin' these lectures to learn us moss-backs how to be up to date, fine and dandy, But if you've picked out a sensational topic merely to swell the gate receipts—not so good. We are plain, honest people and we like plain, honest methods. Don't brand a critter science unless it *is* science; and don't brand another critter religion unless it *is* religion. I've seen crooks

hung to telegraph poles for falsifying cattle brands; falsifying principles of right livin' is a blamed sight bigger crime.

"Now, don't misunderstand me," he continued. "We ain't got nothin' agin' science; only we like to see the right steers in the right pasture. An example culled from my own domestic hearth will make this hull thing clear. I've got a little wife what thinks I am the best doggone cattleman in seven counties. I admit she shows good judgment, but that's not the point I'm drivin' at. The thing is this: She's mighty proud of me—thinks I am a superior sort of guy, and all that. Now, suppose I go into her kitchen some day and say: 'Jane, you are way out of date in your style of making apple pies, and, what's more, I can't approve of how you mix your batter for your slap-jacks, and that apron you have on is not the correct pattern for an up-to-date cook.' I can just pitcher Jane makin' one lunge for the poker and one lunge for me. 'Get to blazes out of here before I brain you, you long-legged, yaller-skinned, bone-headed snoop. You've got your five hundred head of cattle and the hull broad range. That's enough to keep you busy without pokin' your crooked nose into things you know nothing about.'

"Now, it is just like that with modern science," he continued. "Modern science is mighty peart; we're all proud of it; we think it is just the snake's hips, and all that. But let modern science stay on its own side of the barb-wire fence. It has enough—and more than enough—to do in its own field, where it knows a lot, without pokin' its nose into religion, where it knows nothing. Science versus Boll Weevil—Science versus Cancer Germs—Science versus Defective Sewers—Science versus Infant Mortality—all that is tip-top (even though the gate receipts are only moderate) because science is working on something it understands. But Science versus Miracles—Science versus Revelation—Science versus Religion—that is a cow-puncher tryin' to learn his wife how to make biscuits. Science contradict Religion! Bosh! Science can't contradict religion—no more than a hot south wind can contradict the multiplication table. They simply don't meet; they are on different planes."

As Father Casey passed out he said something that was hardly charitable; he said to the lecturer: "I have been following with rapt attention your lucid exposition of Science versus Religion."

Love and Faith are as much realities as artistic faculties, and need similar cultivation.

The True Cross

ITS HISTORY AND SIGN

SISTER M. PHILOMENA

History relates that there were four forms of crosses used in the early days as punishment. The first was the simple upright stake upon which the victim was literally impaled. This was called the "Crux Acuta." Later, a traverse beam was added and took the shape of a V or an X, and was called the "Crux Decusata." It was also known as St. Andrew's Cross because it was upon a cross made in the form of an X that St. Andrew was crucified. Another form was that which resembled a T and is known as St. Anthony's cross or the "Crux Commissa." Lastly, there was the Latin Cross or the "Crux Immissa" as it was known. This cross was furnished with a support for the body called "sedile" or seat upon which the victim sat. St. Gregory of Tours, who died in 593 A.D., was the first to mention a support for the feet. It was on the "Crux Immissa" that Christ suffered and died. It is of this cross that we shall now speak.

After the victory of Constantine over Maxentius in 312 A.D., Constantine gave peace and liberty to the Church. This great leader was himself still wavering between Christianity and idolatry when a luminous cross appeared to him in the heavens, bearing the inscription, "In this sign shalt thou conquer." Shortly afterward, he became a Christian and triumphed over his foes who, incidentally, were enemies of the Faith.

A few years later, his saintly mother, Helena, was converted to Christianity. About the year 326 A.D. she made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem and instituted a search for the relics of the Passion of Jesus Christ. She had the pagan temple, that had been erected over the Holy Sepulchre, destroyed; and then undertook to rid the sepulchre of its mound of earth. At this excavation the three crosses were discovered, but all were quite nonplussed as to the true cross. No identification was available; even the titulus had been detached.

There are two stories told in connection with the true cross and its identification. It is said that the three crosses were carried to the bedside of a worthy old woman, who was then at the point of death. She was permitted to touch the three crosses in succession. From the first two crosses presented to her they could draw no conclusion, but lay-

ing her hands upon the third cross she regained, instantly, both health and strength. Again, we are told that the crosses were taken to a man who was already dead, and in bringing the true cross in contact with the body, the same was restored to life. Which one of these stories is most reliable it is impossible to state. The first, however, seems to be given the preference, but it is possible that both tests were made. After the True Cross was ascertained, St. Helena sent a portion of it to Rome and it was placed in the church of St. Croce di Gerusalemme, which was built especially for it, and it may be found there today. The other part was placed in a silver box and left in the church which was erected over the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem. In 618 A.D., this part fell into the hands of the Persians who took Jerusalem. It was a few years later, about 628 A.D., after Emperor Heraclius had achieved three great victories over Chosroes, King of Persia, who had possessed himself with the holy and precious relic, that this portion was reobtained and Jerusalem regained.

The greatest power of the Catholic world was at that time centered in the Empire of the East and was verging toward its ruin when God put forth His hand to save it. The re-establishment of the great cross at Jerusalem is a sure pledge thereof. This event occurred in 629 A.D.

The feast of "The Finding," which is kept on May 3rd, was thereupon instituted in memory of the discovery made by St. Helena; and that of "The Exaltation," September 14th, is reserved to celebrate the triumphs of Heraclius.

There is much discussion as to the kind and the number of nails used at the crucifixion. St. Gregory of Tours maintains that there were four nails used and the Greeks hold the same opinion. With the crosses, four nails were found. On the return journey from Jerusalem, Helena threw one into the Adriatic Sea to calm a tempest; one nail was sent, with a portion of the cross, to the church of St. Croce di Gerusalemme in Rome, where it can be seen today. The point was filed from this nail and the filings were put into other nails of the same size and form as the real nails, and these can be seen in various churches, especially in Como, in Spoleto, and in Treves. The other two she gave to her son, Constantine. He had one put into the bit of the bridle for his horse, so that he might be protected while riding; the other was placed in his crown. The bit containing the nail is in Duomo of Milan, and the crown with the nail in it may be seen in the treasury at Monsa, Italy.

The sign of the cross is made by placing our right hand on the forehead, saying at the same time, "In the name of the Father"; while touching the breast, "And of the Son"; while touching the left shoulder, "And of the Holy"; while touching the right shoulder, "Ghost"; and folding the hands, "Amen." It is also made by merely crossing the index finger with the thumb, and also by tracing with the thumb a cross upon the forehead, lips and breast. The latter is especially carried out during the Gospel, since it brings to us the message of Jesus Christ, Himself; therefore, do we make the sign of the cross upon our forehead that we may understand it; upon our lips that we may always profess it courageously; and upon our hearts that we may love and practice it.

St. Edith, the daughter of the King of England, had acquired the pious habit of making the sign of the cross with her thumb upon her forehead, lips and breast, and thirteen years after her death, her thumb was found incorrupt.

The sign of the cross should be made on rising in the morning; on retiring at night; before and after all prayers; especially, in times of danger and temptations, and at the commencement of all important duties. Tertullian (240 A.D.) says: "At the beginning and during the performance of all we do, when we go in and out of the house, when we dress, when we lie down to rest, in fact, in everything, we should make the sign of the cross." Fifty days' indulgence can be gained when the sign of the cross is made with at least a contrite heart (Pius IX; July 28, 1863) and one hundred days' indulgence if holy water is used when making it (Pius IX; March 23, 1876).

Many benefits can be derived from making the sign of the cross. St. Cyril says: "It drives away demons." By the sign of the cross, St. Lawrence restored sight to the blind. It calls the blessing of God upon us, and upon all our actions. "The Cross is a seal of the Lord." "It is a stairs by which one ascends directly to heaven; it gives life, frees from death, leads to virtues, hinders corruption of faith, extinguishes the fire of passions, and opens for us the gates of heaven"—Cardinal Bona. St. John Damascene also tells us—"The sign of the cross is a seal at the sight of which the destroying angel passes on and does us no harm."

St. Chrysostom says: "Let us have the sign of the cross in our houses, on our windows, on our forehead, and on our minds with much devotion." Our prayers are begun and ended with the sign of the cross,

to signify that nothing can be obtained of God but through the mediation and merits of Christ crucified. This mark distinguishes Christians from unbelievers. By this short creed, we profess the chief mysteries of our religion, namely: The Trinity, Incarnation, Nativity, Redemption, and Resurrection.

If anyone, then, asks the origin of the sign of the cross, let your answer contain all that has been stated above, since tradition has ever taught it, antiquity has confirmed it, and faith has ever practiced it.

VOLUNTARY VICTIMS

Here is an example of a commanding officer. He was a Breton of noble birth. At one time he had almost decided to give up his military career rather than sacrifice his faith. War broke out and he resolved to pursue it. Not content to remain in charge of home defense merely, he asked to go on active service. Passing by Domremy, he visited the sanctuary of St. Joan of Arc, where he uttered this generous prayer:

"I offer my life as a ransom for so many young men who are not guilty of the sins of their fathers."

He felt that this offer was accepted by God. When placed with the third battalion of Zouaves on starting out, he said to one of his companions:

"The greatest honor of my life will be to suffer for my country."

A few weeks after, he fell on the battlefield. The parish priest, his intimate friend, read the subjoined extracts from this brave soldier's letter:

"Does not our beloved country need voluntary victims, ready to offer themselves as holocausts for her ransom? If only God would accept me as a victim of expiation, as a ransom for our land, how gladly would I give my life for the sacred cause of Reparation." And further:

"After having seriously considered the matter and prayed earnestly, in spite of the sentiment of my utter unworthiness, I have ventured to offer myself." And again:

"I do not know if, in spite of my faults, God will judge me worthy. But should he mean to hear my prayer, I thank Him in anticipation for all His kindness and indulgence."

Gathered at Dawn

SANCTITY AMONG OUR CHILDREN

PETER J. ETZIG, C.Ss.R.

VII.

Recently we came upon a neat little volume. On its cover we read: "A Wee Little Sister of the Angels." Naturally curious, we ventured beneath the covers and looked at a portrait of a four-year-old child, blonde, roundfaced, serious, yet very attractive. We went further into these pages, and the following is the diary of our journey. This biography of the petite Canadienne is a very absorbing little book. If you take up your map of Canada, and run your finger along the southern bank of the St. Lawrence, starting at Levis, directly opposite Quebec, you will pass Kamouraska, Isle Verte, Little Metis, Matane, and finally come to a town called Ste. Anne-des-Monts, seven miles from Matane. The little town may be noted for its sturdy traditions planted there 115 years ago, but now its greatest boast is that it is the birthplace and burial place of a saintly child.

MARTHE-HERMINE SASSEVILLE, 1925-1930

Born on the 10th day of November, 1925, Martha was the ninth child of Charles Sasseville and Melanie Beauchesne. She was baptized and consecrated to Our Lady on the next day. The giving of a name in baptism presented a problem, because the father wanted Martha, whereas the mother preferred Hermine. The Gordian knot, however, was cut by giving the child both names, a fact that she later appreciated.

"Whose little girl are you?" the little one was one day asked.

"I'm papa's Martha, and Mamma's Hermine."

Speaking of names, the mother was one day explaining to her three little daughters how she came to name them Marie, Madeleine and Martha.

"These were the names of the intimate friends of Jesus at Bethany," Mrs. Sasseville told them.

"But where is Lazarus?" exclaimed the three-year-old child. "If we have another little brother, we will surely call him Lazarus, won't we, mamma?"

"IT'S A PITY, BUT MAMMA IS NAUGHTY!"

There are many interesting little traits told of this child. She was very sensitive but quite free from shyness except when a man came in the house. Perhaps it was some prompting of a pure soul that would make her run to mother's arms in such cases. Being very precise, she would toddle about the house, picking up little bits of paper the boys and girls would scatter around, or wipe up the stains of snow laden shoes. But she was decidedly headstrong and quick-tempered—a trait that seems to be common among these little saintly souls. One day mother was busy in the kitchen; "Titite," the family nickname for Martha, was playing on the floor. Getting to her feet, she wanted to ascend the two steps that separated the dining room from the kitchen, but the little legs seemed inadequate. Would mother help her up?

"Mamma is busy now and she knows her little girl can get up alone." Titite started talking to herself about this thing, and mother could hear quite distinctly what was said.

"All right. I'm going to write to Covis (her brother in Montreal) and I shall say: It is a pity, but mamma is naughty!"

That evening her brothers heard about the incident and convinced the little one that she should beg pardon from mamma. Some days later there was question of taking one of the children to Levis to visit the Visitandines. Martha had perhaps the slimmest chance of all—so small—depth of winter. Nevertheless, the little one was shrewd.

"If mamma wants to take me with her," this very coaxingly, "I shall take papa's beautiful pen and write to Covis like this: Mamma, you know, is very lovely!" The ruse failed of its object.

THE LITTLE DEVIL HAS GONE

The little one could be quite stubborn; in fact, at times violent. One day mother wanted her to put on her shoes alone. The little one demurred, but mother insisted. Martha complained her feet hurt her so much, but Mrs. Sasseville demanded obedience. This worked so much on the child that she pulled off her shoe and actually threw it at her mother's head. The little one was scarcely three years old, but the fault was serious. The little rebel was made to kneel before a statue of the Sacred Heart, and not allowed to get up till she was ready to beg pardon. Titite was heart-broken, and wept convulsively, but mother insisted. At last the little one, thoroughly humbled and repentant, threw herself into her mother's arms, saying: "The little devil is gone, mamma.

Titite will never be naughty again." She had knelt a quarter of an hour before the statue, before striking her colors. What a marvellous instinct that mother had for character training! Mrs. Sasseville assures us that the fault was never repeated, and the child was taught to use holy water to chase away "the little devil." When she was teased by her brothers and was about to break out into anger, she would run to the holy water font and make the sign of the cross, and would be serene once more.

THE CHRISTMAS COMPANY

One Christmas day, the children saw a box of tempting bonbons on the table and gathered around it in characteristic fashion. Mother took the box away and placed it safely beyond reach, with the remark that this box was for company that would come on that day. Titite went to her little room and put on hat and coat and slipped unseen into the open. Soon a knock was heard at the door. Mrs. Sasseville opened it and saw to her astonishment her own little one. But she had scarcely time to recover from her surprise, when she heard the silvery little voice announce with great glee: "Good morning, mamma, I'm the company!" The biographer does not say whether she got the bonbons.

The little one loved to sing, and could sing stanza upon stanza of a popular hymn, "Jesus Meek and Humble." She knew parts of the Preface and did famously with the Pater Noster. Nobody knows whether she used the Italian or German or any other recognized pronunciation. The Kyrie she knew complete, and would take five minutes to sing it.

"TELL ME ABOUT CALVARY"

The child had a real appreciation of things spiritual. It was the Lenten custom of the Sassevilles that mother would read a chapter of St. Alphonsus' book "The Glories of Mary" to the family each evening as all were gathered in the parlor. One evening the custom was omitted. The next evening the little monitor was on the lookout and brought mother the book, with the remark: "Mamma, you forgot to read the Glories of Mary yesterday."

She was constantly praying the Hail Mary, and if you happened to be around you had to answer each time. Mother naturally proved the most frequent party of the second part. If cousins came over for a day they rarely escaped some part of that spirituality, and woe betide them should their playfulness or giddiness get into their devotions. The

child was very interested in the story of the Passion and Mrs. Sasseville often took her with her to church when she made the stations. She would stop at the stations to explain to the child what the picture meant and was often deeply moved to see the signs of genuine sympathy manifested by this little soul. Often she persuaded mother to take her to see the statue of Our Lady of Sorrows, for she wanted so much to see "the bleeding Jesus." At home the little one frequently asked her mother to tell her "about Calvary." Another phase of Our Lord's life that seemed inexhaustible to her was Our Lord's miracles. Time and time again she wanted to hear about them, and in her last sickness it was her plea to mother: "Tell me about the miracles," and mother would sit there on the bed and tell the child of the Wonderworker of Palestine. If her mother omitted any, the child would wait till the end and then would remind her about this one and that one.

"I DIDN'T TURN MY HEAD!"

Early in life she was taught the value of little ejaculatory prayers and the favorite one of all at the Sasseville home was "Good Jesus, I love you." Martha began the habit at the age of three and her mother testifies that the little one never missed the striking of the clock but that she heard the customary "Good Jesus, I love you." The child might be pulling her toys around the parlor, or playing around in the kitchen; the house might be filled with company or she might be on the street; always and everywhere at the striking of the clock she would say, "Good Jesus, I love you." Nor was this child the only one of the family to do this. All the children were taught to do the same, and such an ingrained habit did it become that it happened spontaneously. One day Mr. and Mrs. Sasseville, with the four eldest children, were waiting for a train at Rimouski. All of a sudden the clock of the station chimed the hour. Immediately four clear voices said in unison: "Good Jesus, I love you." The station was crowded and some smiled, but the smile was mingled with admiration.

At Mass the little one was all attention. No movement of the priest escaped the little eyes that barely peeked above the pew. She could not read a prayerbook—nor was it necessary. She had her little rosary and would run the beads through her fingers, while she told each off with "Good Jesus, I love you," or "Jesus, come into my heart," or "Good Jesus, help Monsieur Le Cure." And how gleeful the child was when,

on coming home from church, she would exclaim: "Mamma, I didn't turn my head!"

Low-necked and sleeveless dresses she abominated. She would try them on to please, but pleaded not to be made to wear them: "It makes my good little angel cry." Her mother respected this delicate feeling, but how many good little angels are made to cry!

WHEN ANGELS PLAY

Martha was scarcely two years old when her mother heard her talking with someone. She knew there was no one else in the house. When questioned, the child admitted quite candidly that she had been playing with "my good little angel." One time, she was having quite a noisy time in the kitchen. The door was closed; mother was in the parlor; Martha was alone in the kitchen. Mrs. Sasseville went to the kitchen; Martha was flushed with excitement.

"What are you doing out here, child?" asked the mother.

"Playing at hide and seek with my good angel," was the reply.

"Just you two?"

"Ah, no, mamma; I also invited yours and granny's. I have them so well hid that mine cannot find them. It is lots of fun."

"And where is mine?"

"Up there; don't you see him—at the top of the stairs?"

This incident will recall to the American mind the similar case of little Jane McClory of central Illinois, whose biography will soon appear in these pages.

This familiarity with the angels was something very living to little Martha. One time her brother Marcel was becoming impatient over his task. "That's not the way," spoke a little voice at his elbow, "ask your good little angel; he will take your hand and all will go well." The child was in the habit of greeting her angel the first thing in the morning and she never left the house but that she invited the same individual to come with her. She was not afraid to go into a dark room—"I have my good little angel with me"; she was not afraid of falling down the stairs or of tripping—"I have my good little angel with me." In winter she loved to go tobogganning with her brothers, and they would hear her say at every turn: "Get on, my good angel"; "Get off, my good angel." Once when they teased her and told her to have the angel help drag the sled back, she replied: "Oh, no, it is not for him to drag the sled, but for me."

"GOD MADE IN A MAN"

When she was four and a half years old, she was judged capable of receiving Holy Communion. Besides the instructions of the Cure, her mother instructed her at home.

"Tell me the mysteries," Mrs. Sasseville asked her one day.

"The Holy Trinity . . . the Redemption . . ." the voice was lost in perplexity. "Wait a minute, mamma. I'll get it," and the little brow was furrowed with thought. "Ah, yes, I have it—the good God made in a man." The great Greek Fathers of the Church would have smiled their approval on that answer—God made in a man!

The great day came at last—March 19, 1930. What her sentiments were on that day we do not know, but if she found such delight in the company of the angels, what of the King of Angels? In all she received eight Communion before she took sick. When her mother once asked her what she did when she hid her face in her hands against the pew, she answered: "I think that I am carrying Jesus!" How beautifully the Eucharist fits into these child lives. It is like walking along a path of light into the very source of light. Father Eymard's saying is verified in all devout lives but has its special emphasis in these: "Heaven crowns saints; the Eucharist makes them."

"I LONG FOR EASTER"

On the day of her first Communion, Titite took her favorite brother, Arthur, aside and told him:

"Ah, if you knew, 'Artoor,' how I long for Easter!"

"And why?"

"That is my secret."

On Passion Sunday she complained of feeling ill, and mother put her back to bed. But when the bell for the nine o'clock mass sounded, she wanted to get up. In fact, she went to Mass with her mother, but Mass was scarcely half over when she had to be taken home. She was put to bed—she had been to Church for the last time.

At first there was no alarm. But the child had heard a clear call, and when her mother asked her to have Jesus cure her, the child shook her head in a decided negative.

"But, Titite, you will not leave poor mamma all alone?"

"Ah, mamma," came the little voice, "I would rather go to heaven to see the good Jesus."

On the feast of the Seven Dolors it was discovered that a sort of

peritonitis had set in, and no remedy had any effect. On Maundy Thursday Martha received Holy Communion for the last time, and her condition grew steadily worse through Good Friday and Holy Saturday. Easter dawned. Mrs. Sasseville was sitting by the bed, when suddenly Martha sat up and clung to her mother's neck: "I'm afraid, mamma, he wants to take me away!" A little Holy Water, and all was quiet. At noon the Cure was called, and as he said the prayers for the dying, the little figure once more seemed terror-stricken. Once more Holy Water made her serene. Near four o'clock, the room was quiet save for the low voice of the mother: "Good Jesus, I love you"—the little lips repeated the words; "My little angel, come to take me"—the voice was trailing. Suddenly, the eyes went wide, a sound was heard in her throat, the tiny figure relaxed—Christ became her Pasch!

PLAYING AROUND THE THRONE

They dressed her in her Communion dress; they cradled her in snow white roses. She is at rest now in the little cemetery of the village. Near the entrance, second row to the east, you will see a little grave with a bush bearing white roses. There Titite awaits the resurrection. Favors have been reported and are still reported. She who knew so well how to open her father's safe at the bank when he forgot the combination, which had been changed, may well be of help in many other ways. Brother Ambrose tells us that he was permanently freed from some very painful heart attacks; the Cure has never been bothered with rheumatism since wearing little Martha's communion ribbon. The hospital Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres have implicit confidence in the little one, while a relative praying two years for a favor got it almost immediately when she recommended it to our little saint.

Thus power is once more made perfect in infirmity—a power that should extend to little ones that we cherish, and to those who cherish them. To the child, the living example, the native example of Martha should be an inspiration. To mothers, what a wealth of instruction from that short span of five years! If that mother did this, why cannot I?

(To be continued)

(NOTE: We express deep appreciation for the above notes to the volume of Father Cadoux of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart "A Wee Little Sister of the Angels." The book is attractively written and written with special view to children. It has some illustrations and should be placed in the hands of children by parents and teachers. The book may be had for thirty-five cents from The Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, 71 Ste-Ursule, Quebec, Canada.)

The Ven. Peter Donders, C.Ss.R.

APOSTLE OF THE LEPERS

N. GOVERS, C.Ss.R.

CHAP. IX. "*Come, Follow Me.*"

Our divine Saviour, as we read in the Gospel of St. John, once addressed St. Peter thus: "Amen, amen, I say to thee, when thou wast younger, thou didst gird thyself, and didst walk where thou wouldst. But when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and lead thee whither thou wouldst not." (John, xxi. 18.) These words addressed to St. Peter may well be applied to the Venerable Servant of God. Until now he had striven after perfection according to his own will. The time had come that he should seek it according to the laws of obedience, that virtue which could bend him and make him walk in ways in which nature refrained from going. God had destined the saintly Missionary for the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. But first let us learn how the Redemptorists came to Surinam.

We have already seen that Right Rev. Monsgr. Grooff had departed for the East Indies. His stay there was of very short duration. Being obliged to uphold the rights of the Church against the Indian Government, he was expelled from the country and forbidden ever to return. The Pope knowing his heart's desire, appointed him Vicar-Apostolic of Surinam. In this capacity the worthy Prelate governed the Surinam Mission until 1852, when he died regretted by all.

After the death of Right Rev. Father Grooff, the Very Rev. Father Schepers was appointed Vicar-Apostolic of Surniam and Bishop of Mellipotamos *in partibus*. Before going to Europe to be consecrated, he made Rev. Father Donders Superior of the Mission for the period of his absence. Rev. Father Donders was pro-Vicar from May, 1853, till September, 1854, and was assisted in the capital by Rev. Father Meurkens. In his capacity as pro-Vicar, he received an invitation to attend the Provincial Council at Trinidad. Owing to the small number of priests, however, he declined to accept the invitation.

After having brought the Mission to a flourishing condition—the number of Catholics had increased from three thousand to twelve thousand—Right Rev. Monsgr. Schepers, a faithful servant of the Master,

died, leaving the Mission in the hands of Rev. Father Meurkens. The latter now resolved to carry out a plan which for a long time had been the subject of the serious consideration of everyone interested in the Mission, namely, to transfer the Mission of Surinam to the care of some Religious Order. The difficult problem of securing once for all a sufficient number of priests would thus be solved. The time, too, was ripe for it. On the 1st of July, 1863, King William III emancipated thirty-one thousand slaves. Set at liberty, these slaves were free to embrace whatever religion they chose, free to have themselves instructed, free to approach the missionary. It was, therefore, necessary that a greater number of priests should be at hand to receive them.

In the interest of this plan the pro-Vicar, Very Rev. Father Meurkens, visited Holland and from there went to Rome. The result of his negotiations was that the Mission of Surinam was entrusted to the care of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer.

Very Rev. Father John B. Swinkels arrived with the first Redemptorists in Passion Week, 1866, and was welcomed by a numerous and enthusiastic gathering. Rev. Father Donders was unable to attend this reception as he was at the time at the Leper Asylum in Batavia.

The Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith had expressed the wish that the secular priests on the mission should remain in Surinam. It was only a wish, however, not a command. Consequently two of these priests, broken down by their labors, left the colony. What would the Servant of God do? In one of those lonely hours that he spent at Batavia he happened to read the Life of the great St. Alphonsus de Liguori. This Neapolitan nobleman, who, burning with love for Jesus Christ, had left everything to devote himself to the most abandoned souls, fascinated and captivated the generous Missionary. Immediately upon hearing that the Mission had been confided to the care of the Redemptorists, he felt drawn to join their Congregation, and this attraction grew stronger after he had read the Life of St. Alphonsus, their founder.

In a matter of so great importance he took refuge to God and the Blessed Virgin. It was evident that God called him to enter the Congregation. He made use of the very first opportunity to go to Paramaribo. On the 14th of April, 1866, less than a month after the arrival of the Redemptorists, the saintly priest threw himself at the feet of Very Rev. Father Swinkels, begging him to receive him into the Con-

gregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. The Bishop, to whom Father Donders' holy life and burning zeal for souls were not unknown, after obtaining the consent of the Superiors, admitted him as a novice of the Congregation. His generous example was immediately followed by another priest.

Only two secular priests were now in the colony: Rev. Father Kempkes and Rev. Father Romme. The former continued to labor in the mission field as a secular priest, the latter, followed the example of Rev. Father Donders and entered the Congregation. In one of his letters this priest writes: "I must confess with feelings of the most profound gratitude that after God I owe my vocation to the example of Father Donders. Only when I heard of his entrance into the Congregation did the thought come into my mind to follow his footsteps. Never before, so far as I can recollect, had I given the matter a serious thought." We, too, have reason to thank God; for Rev. Father Romme was destined to become an ornament of the Vice-Province.

Both priests began their Novitiate in October, 1866. On All Saints' Day both were clothed in the religious habit of the sons of St. Alphonsus. What was required of the Venerable Servant of God, now that he had entered the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer? Nothing less than to strive after the highest perfection. The end of the members of the Congregation is to walk as faithfully as possible in the footsteps of the Most Holy Redeemer, to follow the example of Jesus Christ, who on earth led a life of perfect self-denial and mortification, replete with sufferings and contempt.

From the very outset the Servant of God advanced toward that sublime model proposed for his imitation, so much so, that Right Rev. Monsgr. Schaap did not hesitate to declare: "From the very first day he acted as a model religious, perfect in everything. Never have his Superiors or his brethren noticed anything blameworthy in him. We must frankly confess, and we do so with gratitude to Him from whom all good proceeds, that in Rev. Father Donders He has given us a veritable treasure of religious and priestly virtue. Nor do we conceal from one another that in Father Donders we have found our master." The Right Rev. Monsgr. Swinkels writes: "He possesses the spirit of the Congregation in all its fullness."

It cannot be doubted that one must possess the spirit of self-abnegation in the highest degree to be able, at the advanced age of fifty-seven

years, to submit to the most minute prescriptions of the monastic life, and to subordinate one's own experience of more than twenty years to the judgment of Superiors who only a few weeks previously became acquainted with the Mission. Yet this is what Father Donders did with the greatest alacrity.

Owing to untimely deaths and sickness among the first Redemptorists, Father Donders, though only a novice, remained charged with the care of souls and the services for the English-speaking and the negroes in the cathedral. Thus his novitiate was, as he himself testifies, only a quasi-novitiate. Nevertheless his Novice-Master, Very Rev. Father Swinkels, requested the Superior-General to shorten the time of his probation. He was a novice for a few months only, yet his Novice-Master could write of him to his Superiors: "Rev. Father Donders has the name of being a saint. Prayer, mortification of self, almsgiving are his delight. He moves by preference among the poorest, lowliest and most abandoned. He allows himself to be directed like a child, and obeys without hesitation. The only way in which poor, corrupt nature betrayed itself was that he blushed when I mortified him in public. He is of a very lively temperament, his disposition is serene, in conversation he is very kind, meek and affable. The only thing I should like different in him is his age—I would he were much younger. He possesses the highest influence here among all, rich and poor, Jew and Protestant, the Governor himself not excepted."

The Superior-General readily accorded the requisite permission, and on the 24th of June, 1867, Father Donders and Father Romme pronounced their religious vows in the hands of Right Rev. Monsgr. Swinkels. How happy he was! Writing to his old benefactor in Holland, Rev. Father van Someren, at this time, he says: "For the love of God, I beg you, to thank God for me, as I feel unable to thank Him as I ought. How wonderful is God's Providence! To enter the convent at fifty-eight, and in Surinam! Just think of it! I cannot give expression to what I feel in my heart. For the love of God, pray for me that I may persevere in the Congregation until death, as I have solemnly and under oath promised to do."

In his great humility, the Servant of God feared only one thing: that he would not persevere. It is his daily prayer, and again and again he comes back to it in his letters. Writing to one of his confrères, he says: "To become a Redemptorist, and in Surinam! How wonder-

fully God disposes everything! God and the Blessed Virgin grant that I may persevere. I have every reason to confide in the good God and in the intercession of Mary and of our saintly Father Alphonsus. But, as I am told, many lose their vocation and their crown. If the cedars fall, the frail reed may not be without fear!"

O saintly contempt of self! This great humility of his is the best pledge of his perseverance and ever-increasing holiness.

(To be continued)

MAKING THE MAN

There are some beautiful lines in a sonnet by Michalangelo, that remind us of an oft-forgotten truth. The sonnet is addressed to Vitorio Colonna the noble woman whom the great genius loved. We read:

"As when, oh lady mine, with chiseled touch
The stone unhewn and cold
Becomes a living mold,
The more the marble wastes, the more the statue grows;
So, if the working of my soul be such,
That good is but evolved by Time's dread blows,
The vile shell, day by day,
Falls like superfluous flesh away . . ."

And not Time's dread blows alone, help to remove the false ideas, prejudices, inclinations, habits that mar the personality, but still more the studied chiseling of vigilance, self-control, self-restraint.

If every year we could whittle away some fault, some petty vice, how quickly would we approach the ideal of manhood—even the image of our dear Saviour!

THE CROSS

"Think of the cross when you rise and when you lie down, when you go out and when you come in, when you eat and when you walk and when you converse, when you buy and when you sell, when you labor and when you rest, consecrating and sealing all your doings with this one mental action, the thought of the crucified."—*Newman*.

Our Lady in Limerick

THE WORLD'S LARGEST CONFRATERNITY

T. A. MURPHY, C.Ss.R.

Limerick has long been remarkable for its devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary. For instance, in 1650 the Mayor of Limerick, Thomas Stritch, headed a procession of the Guilds of the city to Saint Mary's cathedral and there, laying the keys of the city at Our Lady's feet, he solemnly consecrated Limerick to her. Two years later when Ireton entered the city, Stritch was one of those condemned to death. He met his fate unflinchingly, knowing that he was dying for faith and fatherland. And St. Vincent de Paul, following Irish events through the letters of his spiritual children in Limerick, predicted a staunch Catholic spirit for the city by the Shannon, in the days to come.

The Arch-confraternity of the Holy Family is surely a sign of Our Lady's protection over a people who have ever been devoted to her. It was founded just when the picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help was first exposed for veneration in Ireland, and it was placed under the care of Our Lady invoked by that consoling title of Perpetual Help. Speaking of the mission which preceded the foundation of the Confraternity and of the actual founding of the organization, Father Bridgett spoke in later years in these terms: "We put the work under the care of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour. Those who took part in that mission will remember how the hearts of the men of Limerick were stirred; how the church was crowded night after night and the confessionals thronged all the day long. We attributed that extraordinary movement of divine grace to the prayers of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, and it is she who is really the illustrious founder of the confraternity of Limerick."

The meetings of the Confraternity are held every week in the Redemptorist church under the shadow of that same picture. The Communions take place on Sundays in the different churches throughout the city. Under heaven, the Confraternity owes its success not only to a long series of zealous Directors, but to every Priest in the city. For every Priest is interested in the work and gives it encouragement and help. And no small mead of the success of this world-famed society is due to the men themselves. Limerick men have been Catholic Actionists for many a long day, and whether as individual members or as pre-

fects and officials their devotion and self-sacrifice have ever been vital factors in the work. In particular, an excellent, never-failing staff of secretaries have contributed in a very notable degree to maintain the smooth running of the organization.

When the Confraternity was founded, at the close of the mission of 1868, so many men joined that it was found necessary to form two divisions, one of which met on Monday nights, the other on Tuesday nights. So far from failing with the years—the fate of too many sodalities—the Limerick Confraternity grew into such strength that five years ago it was found necessary to make three divisions of it. At present there are meetings on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights for, practically, every week of the year. In addition to the sodality for men a Confraternity for boys was begun thirty-eight years ago. It owes its origin to a suggestion made by the illustrious Bishop of Limerick, Dr. Edward Thomas O'Dwyer. The boys hold their meetings on three Fridays of every month. The Arch-confraternity has received encouragement from every Bishop of the diocese, and not from them alone, but from every Sovereign Pontiff who has reigned since it began. For instance, its title and dignity of Arch-confraternity were conferred by Pius IX.

Twice a year there is a general Communion of the men in the church of the Redemptorist Fathers. This is of course in addition to the monthly Communions in the different churches of the city. On Sunday morning, May 10th, the first General Communion for 1931 was concluded. The statistics of it are a wonderful testimony to a work which is the greatest of its kind in the world. The Communions of the first division numbered *two thousand five hundred and sixty-three*; the Tuesday division *two thousand one hundred and sixty-five*; the Wednesday division *two thousand one hundred and ninety-seven*; and the boys numbered *one thousand six hundred and ten*. The total number therefore for the General Communion this year was, in round numbers, 8,500.

Each division of the men's sodality had a week's retreat in preparation for the General Communion; and although the retreat Mass had, necessarily, to be at an early hour—6 a.m.—and although many of the men had to travel long distances to be present, and some of them were on night work, and the weather was not always at its best, the average

morning attendance for the three weeks reached the high figure of 1,500.

It is easy enough to set down the figures of the Arch-confraternity General Communion, but it is not so easy to describe how impressive it is. One has to stand in the church where four priests are engaged in giving Holy Communion and see the men going—in perfect order—to the altar rails. There are old men among them whose declining years are sweetened by that Confraternity which they love so well; there are men of middle age with the care and stress of life upon them, drawing nigh now to that Saviour who has invited all those who labour and are burdened to come to Him; and there are young men kneeling among them—young men with the light of the morning still on their upturned faces; they seek from the Redeemer guidance and help for the long years to come. And all these men approach the altar-rails, not in dozens or even hundreds, but literally in thousands. And at the General Communion just passed their ranks were more numerous than ever. No less than six hundred new members joined the Arch-confraternity during the past year.

His Lordship the Bishop came, as he always does when it is possible for him, to show his appreciation for the men and to say Holy Mass for them. Rev. Fr. Fitzgerald, the Provincial of the Redemptorists, said the Communion Mass for another division; and Fr. Kerr, Rector of the Esker House of Studies, who with Fr. Coogan of Dundalk conducted the retreat, said the Mass for the third division. On several occasions the city bands turned out, unsolicited, and played the men to the church; not the least notable amongst them was the excellent band of the Boy Scouts. Should we not be thankful to God that, despite the post-war excesses and confusion of other countries, we have here in Ireland such splendid signs of the times?

The Limerick Arch-confraternity is growing in strength with the years, and many a home in Limerick is thankful to God for that fact. The protection of Our Lady is over the city. She has not forgotten the trial and pain and stress of other times; nor will she forget.

Now, that I am about to appear before the good God, more than ever do I understand that there is but one thing necessary: to work solely for Him, and to do nothing for self or for creatures. (*St. Therese, The Little Flower.*)

Houses

THE HOUSE OF CONTRADICTION

D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

V.

"Is Father Sheldon in?"

The housekeeper of Saint Malachy's Rectory opened the door a little more widely and surveyed the two figures before her.

"Yes," she answered laconically, without further motion to admit them.

"We'd like to see him," said Helen Martin, who was used to the customs' official manner of Father Sheldon's keeper of the gate.

Without a further word they were admitted and ushered into the little parlor near the door. The two women sat down, smiling at one another, while they heard faintly the sound of a buzzer in another part of the house summoning the pastor.

After some little time Father Sheldon entered the room, his glasses in his hand, his manner business-like and official. A smile broke like sunlight across his features when he recognized his callers.

"Good morning. Good morning," he said, extending both hands to take theirs in welcome. "You are quite strangers. I haven't seen you for months. Something must be wrong—or unusually right. From the looks of you, I'd say it's the latter."

"We hope so," said Pauline.

"Ah," said the priest, "It's advice you want. Sit down. How is everybody—well, I hope? Your mother and father, Helen—they're well?"

"Just fine," answered Helen.

"And Russell, the pride of St. Malachy's—have you heard from him lately, Pauline?"

"Yes—just the day before yesterday. He seems to be happier every time he writes."

"Fine. So that's not the *resondetur*—if I may so speak—for this pleasant call. I can't figure it out, though you seem happy enough about it. Come—what's the good word?"

The two women looked at one another. Helen spoke first.

"It's something Pauline has done."

"Yes—but Helen started it," flashed Pauline. The priest looked puzzled.

"She—she has adopted a baby," Helen blurted out.

"After having been practically forced into it by this," explained Pauline, as she pointed at Helen.

Father Sheldon leaped to his feet. "Well, well, well," he said enthusiastically, approaching Pauline. "Congratulations—congratulations," he repeated emphatically, as he shook her by the hand. "That's news—great news."

"Wait," said Helen, holding up her hand, "until you hear the rest." The priest paused and looked at her.

"What's the matter," he said, "is the baby sick or deformed or crippled or something?"

"No, but she hasn't exactly adopted it—that is, she has and she hasn't—it's not permanent; she's just going to bring it up."

"Oh," said the priest, doubtfully.

"And the trouble is that it's the child of a non-Catholic, a rather prejudiced non-Catholic, and Pauline is going to have the baby in her complete charge for at least ten years."

"With full permission," inserted Pauline, "of the father to bring it up as I please—with only one condition."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," said the priest. "Let me get this straight. You have agreed to bring up the child of a non-Cath-"

"He's a widower," said Helen.

"And a Professor at Steele University," said Pauline.

"And kind of a nut, begging your pardon," said Helen.

The priest went on where he had left off. "You've agreed to bring up his child. Adopted it for ten years. He is not only a non-Catholic, but opposed to things Catholic. Yet he's going to allow you to bring up the child as you please—which means, of course, bringing it up a Catholic. Say, what kind of a business is this?"

"He has laid down one condition," said Pauline.

"That's what we've come to see you about," added Helen.

"The plot grows thick," said the priest. "Well?"

Helen leaned forward and gave a detailed explanation of the events that had led up to the adoption. "Everything seemed settled," she continued, "when he suddenly asked about our religion."

"Ah," said the priest.

"We told him and he almost keeled over from the shock; thereupon we practically dropped the baby at his feet and made for the door. But he pleaded with us to take it away, only asking that he be allowed to study up the Catholic faith that he might convince us that it's all wrong. If he convinces us, the baby is saved from Rome. If he doesn't convince us, the baby remains a Catholic. That's where the matter stands now."

Helen relaxed as she finished. Pauline looked anxiously at the priest. He was shaking his head, but there was an amused smile on his lips.

"This is good," he said at last. "It's rich. You two certainly did a fine job of getting into a mess. Now I have to be dragged in."

"Helen started it all," said Pauline. "I was afraid from the start. I still am."

"Yes, it's just like her." Helen bore up smilingly under their accusations. "But the thing's done now. The question is—what next?"

"Well," said Pauline, "the child should be baptized." She was thinking of her own two babies who long before, in her faithless days, had died without baptism. The thought was the great grief of her life. This was to be some partial reparation.

"Yes, but if the child is healthy we should wait just a little. I want to watch the immediate developments. The main thing right now is—are you ready to answer any and all objections that can be proposed against your faith?"

The two women looked serious. Helen spoke up, quietly. "At least we can hear them and not lose our faith. And I know we can always find the answer. You said in a sermon a couple of weeks ago that there is no objection or argument that can be brought up against the Church that hasn't been answered a hundred times before, and can be again."

"Yes, so I did," said the priest, not without evidence of satisfaction that his words had been remembered. "But it would help to know what you have to meet." He took a turn around the room, thinking. Then he stopped in the center of the floor. "I have an idea."

"I knew you would," said Helen.

"You say," said Father Sheldon, "this man is a Sociology Professor at Steele University?"

"Yes."

"It is always possible to get an inkling of what these scholars are

thinking about by listening to their lectures. They have to talk so much that what's uppermost in their minds gets into their words some time or another. I know a fine young man attending Steele, studying for an M.A., who may even be in one of the professor's classes. At least, I may be able to get him to attend and keep an ear open for the kind of hints you need. Just a vague notion of his trend of thought. By the way, what's your professor's name?"

"Professor Homer is the name," said Pauline.

"Ah! The great Professor Homer! I know of him. He's famous. But supposed to be queer. Good. So I'll see if I can carry out my plan, and I'll let you know."

The two women arose to go. "Sorry," said Pauline, "we've taken so much of your time."

"I'm glad," said Father Sheldon. "I have a feeling that we're going to get some fun out of this, for all its seriousness. But if Helen gets any more ideas after this one runs its course—well, I'd like to be in on it from the start." There was a twinkle in his eye.

"You will," said Helen.

"All right. I'll be seeing you when developments develop," said the priest, as they passed out of the rectory.

VI.

He had a lean build, of which a pair of broad square shoulders were the outstanding features. He had a brisk and determined carriage, swinging along usually as though he had an immediate objective in view. He had a way of dressing that is called "natty," though there was nothing effeminate about him. He had a typical Irish-American face—warm, wide-open, swift in its changes of expression. Black hair, with a very slight wave. His name was O'Brien—Edward O'Brien.

He was calling on Father Sheldon. It was three o'clock on Sunday afternoon. He had to wait only a moment before he heard the welcoming voice of the priest.

"Eddie, my boy, you're on the dot. Punctuality is your middle name. Come into my study."

Together they went back into the room where Father Sheldon worked out his problems, balanced his accounts, read his books, and prepared his sermons. He took a pile of books off a chair and drew it up near his desk for the young man.

"So you have been sitting in on the lectures of Professor Homer," he began as they were settled. "How is he?"

"I like him, Father," said O'Brien. "There's something simple and naive about him. I'd say he's transparent. He's no bluffer despite his heavy air of learning. It seems he never got any nearer to life than books. He might misquote Will Rogers and say, 'all I know is what I read in books!'"

"Good. Did you get any inkling as to the trend of his thoughts, or rather his studies, on the subject of the Church?"

"A little. He's interested in the history of the Papacy. I gathered from asides he dropped in class that, as he sees it now, the lives of the Popes refute their own claims to infallibility."

"Fine. The old difficulty arising from a misunderstanding of terms and failure to view in proper perspective the human and divine. Anything else?"

"Pope Alexander the Sixth was mentioned as though he knew something about him."

"He would. You've done nobly, Eddie. How about coming over to Mrs. Pierce's with me while I give her a few books and talk these things over? I'll call her and tell her we're coming."

"O.K. with me."

It took but a moment for the telephone call. Following that the priest poked around amidst the shelves of books that surrounded the walls of his study until he found the three or four volumes he sought.

"Let's go," he announced.

They were admitted into the Pierce home by Pauline herself. Entering the spacious living room with its tastefully arranged furniture and modest adornments, they found an inglorious scene of confusion in the middle of the floor. The boy Jack, the newcomer in the household, was its center. Helen Martin was in its midst. Eddie O'Brien was introduced, and Helen involuntarily tried to put her hair into place after the dishevelment it had suffered at the hands of Jack.

"I didn't think you'd get here so soon," said Pauline, "or you wouldn't have seen this."

"Nor I," said Helen.

Jack was the cause of the disorder. He was imprisoned in a play-box, about two feet high and four feet square. The sides were made of multicolored wood, carved out into spindles, attractively decorated, with

a smooth railing along the top on which the child could support itself. At the four corners were gargoyles, laughing up into the face of the child.

Strewn around and within the play-box were about two dozen blocks of various shape and form and hue. At one side, where Helen had been sitting on a cushion, there lay a pile of books—all containing pictures—by means of which she had been testing the boy's knowledge and trying to increase his vocabulary. The strings of a couple of tops hung from the sides of the box; the tops themselves, as well as a number of other toys, made walking about the room precarious for the unwary.

Pauline made a start toward restoring order.

"Don't," said Father Sheldon. "It will only get messed up again before I leave. Take these books. I'll tell you about them later." He dropped to his knees on the cushion beside Jack, who at once reached for the old-fashioned gold watch chain that stretched across his vest.

"Look at him," he said, "a gold-digger, that's what he is." He took out his watch—a large, old-fashioned one, with close face, that he had had for twenty years—and handed it to the boy, leaving the chain attached to his vest.

Jack had seen watches before. He knew they should have a face, and what it should look like. He turned Father Sheldon's watch over and over in some perplexity. This was a new one on him. He looked up at the priest as if to say: "What's the big idea?"

"Can't you open it, Jack?" said Pauline.

"Wait. I'll get him a hammer," said Helen.

"A can-opener would be better," said Eddie.

Father Sheldon looked mock daggers at him. "Insulting my watch?" he said. "All right. But believe me, they don't make them like this any more."

"I guess not," said Helen. "They've made progress."

"And lightened the burdens of humanity."

Jack finally came to a conclusion. He lifted the watch in his hand and was about to bring it down on the head of one of the gargoyles. There was a general shout. Father Sheldon caught the child's hand as it came down and everybody laughed.

While they laughed, the doorbell rang shrilly. Father Sheldon did not move. He settled down and opened his watch for Jack. Eddie

knelt beside him, still bantering about the size of the watch. Helen stood over them, still laughing. Pauline went to the door.

From the room they heard her surprised and restrained greeting. Helen peered out through the hallway.

"Oh, oh!" she exclaimed.

"What's the matter?" asked Father Sheldon, noting the amusement in her eye.

"It's Professor Homer," she informed him. "And he's got three big volumes under his arm."

So it was. He entered the room with Pauline. At sight of the party gathered there, he looked sick. Jack saw him and stretched out an arm.

"Daddy!" he cried.

(To be continued)

THE FOLLY OF THE CROSS

On one occasion, Abbe Gayraud, then deputy for Finistere, was defending the religious congregations in the French Chamber of Deputies; the question of their expulsion was being discussed and the Abbe was praising Religious and pointing out what greatness of soul it required to renounce the world, act as lightning conductors for the anger of God, and lead a life of self-immolation in union with Jesus Christ.

The orator spoke of the Brothers of St. John of God, who devote themselves to the service of the insane; of the Little Sisters of the Poor, whose food consists of what is left from the table of the old people they tend, and who, with them, live on what they beg from door to door.

A Deputy of the Left, extremely anti-Catholic, exclaimed impatiently:

"They are all lunatics!"

"Yes, Monsieur Allemane," quickly retorted the Abbe, drawing himself up to his full height, the better to mark the moral littleness of his interlocutor. "Yes, they are lunatics. Their madness was diagnosed centuries ago by St. Paul as 'the folly of the Cross of Christ.'"

When we are children, it seems easy to be a hero or a martyr. But as we advance in life, we understand the value of a simple act of virtue, and that God alone can give us the strength to accomplish it.—*Abbe Perreye.*



Archconfraternity OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

Our Mother of Perpetual Help

"IN GRIEF AND DERELICTION OF MIND"

L. F. HYLAND, C.Ss.R.

Those who find no meaning in this petition of the Litany of Our Mother of Perpetual Help are few in number. Perhaps you have stood by the death-bed of one you loved; of a mother whose entire life had been for you, whose every word and deed had been an inspiration, whose every thought had been a thought of love, whose gentle features, whose silvery hair, whose care-worn hands had become so dear to you that they were pressed like an undying image in your heart. You stood one day by her side when the eyes were closed and the hands were folded and the heart was still; and there you learned the meaning of grief.

Or perhaps it was a father from whom you were rudely parted by death; or a fond husband or wife; or a child with the soul of an angel, and a heavenly smile—a child that was yours, and God's. And God asked for the child, for the husband or wife or father; death was His messenger; and in his awful presence you learned too well the meaning of grief.

But not only in the moment of parting from dear ones does grief become known. It lingered with you perhaps in the days and weeks that followed the parting; it was present in the loneliness of an evening hour; it returned at the sight of a familiar object that recalled the one who had gone; it remained for a long time even after it seemed to have spent itself in tears.

And if you have not known the grief of parting from human friends and dear ones, you have perhaps known that of mental agony—the grief of a troubled soul. A Saint has said that every true lover of God must experience some period of doubt, of fear, of anguish, when he seems to be helpless and alone. God seems to have forsaken him; the advice and

help of friends seem useless; the heart becomes cold and full of fear instead of love; the mind seems unable to unravel a tangle of perplexity, to solve the problems that present themselves, to re-establish peace and confidence within the soul. Perhaps you have experienced such a thing; have lain awake with the terror of it; have walked the streets or gone about your work with its shadow upon you. Perhaps you are experiencing it now, and in that dereliction of mind know the meaning of grief.

Do you know where there is comfort, even in so dark an hour of need? Call up before your mind the image of the Virgin Mary; she will come before you as the Mother of Sorrows, as the Queen of Martyrs. In the ocean of her sorrows dip your own; there they will always find relief.

There is an old legend told of a mother who sat by the dead body of her only boy and cried out piteously:

"None has ever suffered as I must suffer!"

While she spoke, she heard the sound as of whirring wings, and, looking up, she saw a vision made up of myriads of faces; they were the faces of all the mothers who, like her, had lost an only boy. She looked at them in awe, and then they slowly merged into one face alone—it was the face of the sorrowful Mother of God.

"Thou, too," said the Virgin, "hast lost an only boy—even as I. But be comforted! The resurrection will restore him to thee."

A tear dropped from the eye of the Virgin on the hand of the grieving mother, and the Virgin vanished; but in that moment the broken heart was healed.

The legend—only a legend though it is—tells a beautiful lesson. Mary is at once the Mother of Sorrows and the Comforter of the Afflicted. She had grief greater than all of ours; she has tears for us all; she has comfort for us in every sorrow of parting, in every anguish of mind that may come to us; if only we pray to her as we do in her Litany:

In grief and dereliction of mind, O Mother of Perpetual Help, pray for us!

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Dear Fathers: I wish publicly to thank Our Lady of Perpetual Help for the following favors: Improvement of health of three people.

Renting of rooms. I was out of work four months and two weeks ago I was called by my former employer to come back to work at my old salary on the following Tuesday morning. The position is permanent and a pleasant place to work. I am very grateful to Our Lady. (Kansas City, Mo.)

* * *

Dear Fathers: I wish to make a public thanksgiving to Our Lady of Perpetual Help. I made the public novena in preparation for the feast of the Immaculate Conception December 8th, asking for our Lady's help in a financial trouble.

Since that time we have received an increase in salary, and also have received money from another unexpected source. All this I feel is directly due to the kindly help of our Blessed Lady of Perpetual Help. (Kansas City, Mo.)

* * *

Dear Father: We wish to return our sincere thanks to Our Mother of Perpetual Help, through the LIGUORIAN for full standardization of our Hospital this year. We promised to have this favor published in the LIGUORIAN if the request was granted. We are very grateful and return thanks. "Sisters." (Wichita, Kansas.)

* * *

Dear Father: I was out of work for many months and it seemed impossible to get anything to do. I promised to make the nine Tuesdays in honor of our Mother of Perpetual Help if I could get any kind of work. Immediately, I was offered a position but with a very small salary.

In accordance with my promise, I began my Novena of Tuesdays. After the eighth Tuesday, I heard of a position which payed double the salary I was receiving. I applied for this position, promising again to make the nine Tuesdays in thanksgiving, if I was successful. I was chosen out of about 200 girls who applied for it.

I have made the nine Tuesdays in thanksgiving to our Mother of Perpetual Help. (St. Louis, Mo.)

The good God has told us that in the Last Day He "will wipe away all tears from our eyes" (Apocalypse 21/4), and without doubt, the more tears to be dried, the greater will be the consolation. (*St. Therese, The Little Flower.*)

Catholic Anecdotes

THE CRITIC

One of many anecdotes connected with Michael Angelo's famous statue of David (in Florence) shows that human nature is much the same in all ages. After it had been placed upon its pedestal, a pompous Florentine official came to see it. After deigning to express great admiration for the work, he suggested:

"But — the nose appears to me too large."

Hearing this, Michelangelo gravely mounted a ladder and pretended to work at the face a few moments, dropping meantime some marble dust which he had in his pocket.

At last (having really made no change at all in the image) he turned with a questioning glance to his critic, who responded:

"Bravo; bravo; you have given it life!"

"THY WILL BE DONE"

In an address over Radio Station KPRC of Houston, Texas, the Very Reverend Thomas Carney recently told the following story:

"I once went to the deathbed of a little boy. He was the only child of his parents. He was just eleven. The parents were grief-stricken. I saw the father literally fall prostrate on the floor in a paroxysm of grief beside the bed, and the mother had to be held because she had momentarily become insane through her grief.

"One day, after the funeral was over, I was walking down a crowded street in the business section of the city and I met the father of the boy. He asked me to step to the curb for a moment and he began to talk.

"'You know, Father,' he said, 'sometimes even while I am walking down the crowded streets the thought of Jimmy comes to me and I find tears rolling uncontrollably down my cheeks. But I have learned to do a wonderful thing. When this happens to me I have learned to turn my mind quietly to God and to say, even while my heart is breaking, Thy Will be done! And do you know, Father, I always experience the greatest consolation when this is done.'"

HEAVEN

When Father Isaac Jogues, now blessed, first arrived in the Huron Mission, in the depth of a frigid Northern winter, he traveled from village to village, ministering to the sick and striving to win them to the faith. His success was not encouraging. He found the Indians ravaged by an epidemic of smallpox.

"Do they hunt in heaven, or make war, or go to feasts?" asked one of the sufferers.

"Oh, no," replied the priest.

"Then," said the Indian, "I won't go. It is not good to be lazy."

They could not grasp the idea of the eternal, overwhelming, beautifying activity of the everlasting vision of God and our endless sharing in the life of God Himself and the companionship of Our divine Saviour in His Humanity, together with Mary, our Mother and all the Angels and Saints.

There are those today who cannot grasp this truth. And there are Catholics who believe, yet do not seem to value it.

A NOBLE SPIRIT

Julius Caesar is one of the greatest figures of antiquity. A skillful lawyer, a brilliant orator, an unsurpassed historian of war, the greatest general of ancient times, a statesman never equalled in stupendous plans, — he was the connecting link between a great republic 500 years old and the only universal empire the world has ever seen.

No wonder that legends and stories have clustered about his name. History records that he was one of the most generous of men, — even to his enemies.

Thus a story is told that after the defeat of Pompey, there was found in this general's tent a secret correspondence that revealed the intrigues he had carried on for years — a correspondence that, no doubt, implicated many whom Caesar had never suspected. Caesar took the whole batch of letters and proceeded to burn them.

"What are you doing?" inquired Antony in great astonishment.

"I am burning these letters," replied Caesar.

"But why?" again demanded Antony.

"That I may have," said Caesar calmly, "no motive for revenge."

Pointed Paragraphs

GOOD LITERATURE AND BAD

In an address to the faculty of St. Louis University, Channing Pollock, author of the widely known plays, "The Fool," "The Enemy," and the recent success, "The House Beautiful," marks out the distinction between lovers of the so-called realistic literature and entertainment of today, and lovers of what is truly beautiful and worthwhile. Pollock is not a Catholic. As quoted in the *Queen's Work*, he said:

"There are two ways of coming into a town. You can come in on a freight car if you wish, past factories, wash lines, dirty, unpainted houses, stockyards, box cars, dirt and rubbish. You can have your face and hands as dirty as you please and pull into a great dust filled yard. Or you can drive in through the parks and boulevards, past trees and fine houses. It's wholly a matter of taste and character. You may enjoy seeing garbage cans and ash heaps; you may crave to see dirt and filth; enjoy hearing unlovely noises. Or again you may hate the sight and sound of it all and avoid it whenever you can. It's wholly a matter of selection.

"You do the same thing when you go to a play or read a book. Either you want the dirt and the filth or you shun them. Whether you find your pleasure in some sordid, squalid story of human misfortune or in a play or book that has to do with what is beautiful and noble and inspiring in life depends upon your ideals and character. Tell me your favorite book or your favorite hero, and I'll tell you what stuff you are made of."

A rather sad commentary on the state of present day literature and entertainment may be adjoined to these words: that so many prefer the dirt and the filth and the rubbish to the beautiful and noble and clean, that it is worth the while of unprincipled writers and producers to flood the markets with the former and to be very sparing with the latter.

COWARDICE

The news-stories of the deliberate suicide of two world-figures in the realm of business have appeared on the front pages of the papers

during the past month. Events of this kind are enough to give pause to every thinking man—to lead him to look beneath for their meaning and cause. We have seen no comments in the secular press more penetrating and to the point than those contained in an editorial of the Milwaukee Journal of March 15, under the heading, "Eastman's Farewell Note." We quote from the editorial as follows:

"George Eastman's farewell note is fresh proof, added to a thousand other proofs, of how far America has slipped spiritually, of how far we have drifted from a true philosophy of life.

"'My work is done. Why wait?' he wrote before shooting himself. Why linger? Because life is not something that its possessor has a right to take away. Because there is in it a fidelity which demands that we live it to the very end. We do not create it; we must not destroy it at our will.

"Dress up the act of self-destruction with whatever explanation you wish, the fact remains that it is cowardly. In essence, it is the leaving of the battlefield before the battle is done. It is a refusal to face what may be in store for us.

"The old Roman commander would not survive his ill fortune. By some historians that custom has been painted as heroic. In reality it was a sordid thing. It meant that the defeated leader would not face the displeasure of Rome. It was his way out, the easiest way.

"Business leaders, with increasing frequency in recent times, have used the same methods. They had stood high as masters of finance, in their own localities, in the nation, in the world. When the tide set against them they would not occupy a lower place. They went out by the rear exit and left others to carry their burden. The death of Ivar Krueger is the most startling instance.

"And now Mr. Eastman, not refusing to face financial questions, but refusing to face old age. He had led in a marvelous industrial success, he had been a philanthropist. But somehow, after all, his living must have been empty. Something was lacking. In the end he was not thinking of America, of the land that had given him so much, pouring into his lap untold riches. He could not have been thinking of the thousands who might be influenced by his example, by his philosophy. No, his work was not done; it could not be done until he was called."

We agree with the editor of the Journal that suicide is sheer cowardice; that it gives proof of how a nation has slipped spiritually; of

how far it has drifted from a true philosophy of life. And we draw a conclusion: until religion—the due subordination of man to God in principle and in practice—is brought back into the education, the homes, the business of the nation, there will still be cowards amongst us.

CATHOLIC ACTION

Two members of the Catholic laity, one a man and the other a woman, have in recent months given examples of Catholic Action that are well worth the following of all Catholics in circumstances of a similar nature.

The first is the example of a woman. At a Convention of the League of Women Voters in Connecticut last November, the social hygiene committee suggested that the League make a study of birth control. At once Mrs. McEvoy, wife of Judge Frank P. McEvoy of the Supreme Court of Connecticut, and a prominent member of the League, took the floor.

"As a member of the Executive Committee of the League of Women Voters," she said, "I feel I have the right to ask to say a few words before you begin your round table discussions. As you know, the League is made up of women of different creeds: Jews, Catholics and Protestants. I profess the Catholic faith . . . In our religion, birth control by contraceptive means is not allowed . . . If you conduct this study, the Catholics who are real Catholics, and not such in name only, will be bound in conscience to resign. After that, what you do, is immaterial to me." The proposal was thereupon brought to a vote and defeated. Contempt, of course, was later heaped upon Mrs. McEvoy and the Church, especially by a writer in the *Nation*; but Catholics can stand that; they are used to it.

The other example is that of ex-Governor Dunne of Illinois. After the receipt of the issue of the *Nation* devoted in great part to birth-control propaganda, he wrote the following letter to the editors:

"For some years past I have been a subscriber to your paper. The issue dated January 27 reached me yesterday. I find upon reading it that the front page and 15 of its 40 pages of reading matter are devoted to the advocacy of birth-control, justly characterized by President Roosevelt in his day as race-suicide.

"I am the happy and contented father of nine living children and the grandfather of twenty-one grandchildren, and there is not a black

sheep or a yellow streak among them. My dear departed wife was my devoted helpmate for nearly half a century and was the proud and loving mother of these nine children.

"Your overzealous hysterical advocacy of this harlot-like practice shocks me and makes your weekly paper unwelcome in my home. If you and your fellow-believers practice what you preach in the years to come, they and your subscribers will soon be few in numbers.

"Please cancel my subscription."

THE ONLY DEFECT

Sins, bad habits, vices, are defects, indeed, that we must remove from our characters. But yet, in a very real sense, the only real defect, because hopeless of removal, is to give up fighting sin and vice in ourselves. Says Father Maturin, writing to a soul under his direction:

"If the struggle is long, your character will grow all the more by the length of the struggle; if you die struggling, though all is darker than ever, yet you will have won the battle. The only defect possible is the deliberate abandonment of effort—and God will keep you from that."

Encouraging words for many a soul that is tempted to discouragement by every relapse into fault or sin.

FAITH

We heard a story the other day of an old Irish woman—she was eighty years old—a story full of faith and pathos. This good old woman lived five or six miles away from the church, but neither distance nor the weight of years deterred her from going to Mass on Sunday morning. She carried with her a little stool, and when she grew tired with the walking she rested for a while on her tiny stool before resuming her journey. It took her a long while to reach the church, and there was many a spell of rest, but what a comfort as she knelt before the Eucharistic God Whom she loved so well!

What a lesson for the young and strong who live within a few blocks of the church! What a display of that grand Celtic faith, our heritage! May we be worthy of such an inheritance.

What I gave, I have; what I spent, I had.

Catholic Events

On Wednesday, March 23, the Very Rev. C. D. McEnniry, Consultant General at Rome for the American Provinces of the Redemptorist Order, arrived at Oconomowoc to conduct the Visitation. He had completed a tour of all the houses of the St. Louis province, making the visitation in each. The Rev. August Zeller, editor of the *Liguorian*, was his assistant.

Father McEnniry was formerly long associated with the House of Studies at Oconomowoc. He held both the office of Prefect of Students and that of Rector of the Seminary. Later he was made Provincial of the St. Louis Province; and finally was chosen to represent all the provinces of North America at the General headquarters of the Congregation at Rome.

Father McEnniry was also the originator of the *LIGUORIAN*. Since its founding at Oconomowoc in 1913, his instructive and delightful narratives under the heading "Father Tim Casey" have been a feature of the *LIGUORIAN*.

* * *

Most of the good Jesuits who were disbanded by the Government of Spain have found refuge in Belgium, Holland, Sicily, the Piedmont District in Italy and South America. In Holland, Catholic and non-Catholic organizations gathered in the frontier city of Falkenbourg to welcome the exiles into their country. Some of the Jesuits have remained in Spain, maintaining themselves by their personal efforts—chiefly as guests of families who are glad to receive them as professors, instructors and chaplains.

* * *

The Laetare Medal, annually awarded since 1885 to an outstanding Catholic lay leader of the United States, has been bestowed this year upon Dr. Stephen J. Maher of New Haven, Connecticut. The award recognizes in its recipient an exemplary Catholic gentleman, a man of wide charity and special interest in the cause of Catholic education in the United States.

Dr. Maher is an authority in tuberculosis. He is at present chairman of the Connecticut Tuberculosis Commission. During his life he has held presidential appointments to foreign tuberculosis conferences.

* * *

Most Rev. Bishop Shahan, one of the pioneers in the founding of the Catholic University of America, died on March 1, at the age of 74. He was a native of Connecticut, and held the chair of Church History at the Catholic University from its foundation. In 1903 he succeeded Bishop Conaty as its Rector, which position he held until his resignation

in 1929. He was also one of the editors of the Catholic Encyclopedia.

A unique form of Catholic Action has originated in Detroit, Michigan. Some months ago a Catholic Bulletin newsstand was set up at 1224 Library Ave. During its first four months of operation, it sold approximately 2500 Catholic books, pamphlets, papers, magazines and the like. Several hundred pieces were given out gratis.

Results of the stand are beginning to make themselves known. Twelve persons, recently received into the Church, attribute their conversion to literature and information obtained at the stand. The unknown results of the work are probably incalculable.

And now the stand is increasing its means of influence. It has added a "question box" with a note attached announcing that questions on matters of religion are invited, answers to which will appear in the Michigan Catholic. The need of this has long been felt, because the attendants of the stand have been besieged with queries about the Catholic Church.

* * *

Catholic Action is not unknown even in Japan. A religious Conference has been held recently in Nagasaki at which the hall used was filled to capacity. The Conference had been advertised in local papers and by street posters. The Most Rev. Januarius Hayasaka, Bishop of Nagasaki, the Rev. Dr. Paul Taguchio, chief editor of the "Nippon Catholic Shimbun," and Dr. Osassa, professor of international law at the Imperial University of Fuhuoka, spoke in explanation of Catholic doctrine and encouragement to Catholic Action.

Also in Japan there has been recently founded the St. Paul's Society of Neo-converts. Father Yamayuchi is its instigator, who has been making converts at the rate of at least 2 a month for over a year. The members of the Society meet every Thursday for discussions, and plan to lecture in the public streets on the Catholic faith.

* * *

Members of all Catholic Societies in England are permitted to wear what is known as the "Cardinal's Cross," as a sign of their participation in Catholic Action, and an expression of their desire to take part in organized work for the church. The badge is of bronze and bears figures of Christ the King, Our Lady and St. George, and has the motto "Fear not, I have overcome the world." Suspended on a ribbon of the papal colors, a bar will be added for each year of service until five bars have been attained. The cross will be worn at Mass and other Catholic gatherings.

* * *

Recent statistics in Germany show that the Protestants, who number 39,400,000, are split into 187 sects. Strange and interesting are the names of some of these. One is called "The Christian Union of True Scholars of This World and the Other, True Members of the Community of St. John." Another is listed as "Newborn Community of Chastity," or the "Church of the Otterbinnians." One sect goes by the title "As It Has Been from the Beginning"; another the "Protestant

Mastastnan Temple-League." There is a union of the "Angels of Jehova," and a sect called the "Eleven Thousand Virgins."

Catholics in Germany number 20,000,000.

* * *

The White Fathers of Northern and Central Africa have published a report of their missions. Their work shows remarkable progress since 1903. Since that time the number of priests and brothers has increased from 309 to 846; the White Sisters have enlarged their personnel from 168 to 476. A native clergy has been established since that time, now numbering 91 priests; the number of Catechists has grown from 125 to 5,810.

In June, 1930, the number of native Catholics in this part of Africa was 665,453, while 268,240 were under instruction for baptism.

* * *

Few missionary fields have been as fruitful in recent years as that of the Belgian Congo. Catholics there number 816,377 and there are 603,968 Catechumens in preparation for baptism. The Foreign Missionary personnel consists of 671 priests, 687 sisters and 341 brothers. Besides this, there are 26 native priests, 44 native sisters, 14,429 Catechists, and 4,729 native teachers.

Education has been given special attention. The Congo has 4,169 elementary schools with enrollment of 260,103 pupils; and 215 normal and professional schools, with 29,387 students. There are 11 minor seminaries with 673 students, and four major with 95 seminarians.

In 1931 there were 59,513 baptisms of adults and 42,730 baptisms of infants. Besides that, there were 41,431 baptisms at the point of death.

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Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (St. Joseph's Parish, Denver, Colo.)	\$ 527.00
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Some Good Books

The Christian Social Manifesto. By the Rev. Joseph Husslein, S.J. Published by The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. 328 pages. Price, \$2.50.

The Unemployment Problem. By the Rev. Thurber Smith, S.J. Published by The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. 218 pages. Price, \$2.00.

These two volumes initiate the *Science and Culture Series*, of which Father Husslein is the general editor. They are examples of high grade Catholic scholarship, and set an excellent standard for the rest of the series.

Father Husslein's book is an interpretative study of the Papal Encyclicals on the Labor Problem. Father Smith presents an ethical and economic diagnosis of unemployment, on the basis of which he prescribes Consumer-Cooperation as a remedy. Both volumes have an Index: and appendix to the manifesto will be found official translations of the Labor Encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI.

—B. A. C.

The Story of the Philippines. By Rev. T. A. Murphy, C.Ss.R. Published by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland. A Pamphlet. 40 pages, with maps and illustrations.

In this pamphlet, Fr. Murphy first of all briefly reviews the discovery of the Philippines by Magellan and their subsequent evangelization and conversion. He then deals more in detail with their present spiritual abandonment, dating from the time, about 1897, when the friars were driven out of the country. There is a chapter on "Protestant Proselytism" and another on Catholic Missionary work—which work is of a different nature in the Philippines than that of any other Eastern country. Before the expulsion of the friars the Philippines were almost completely Catholic—"The Pearl of the Orient"—the only Catholic country in the Far East. Hence Fr. Murphy describes the present missionary work as more a work of preservation than of foundation of the faith, and strongly represents the need of more missionaries.

—R. J. M.

Moral Values and the Moral Life. Translated from the French of Etienne

Gilson by Leo Richard Ward, C.S.C. Published by Herder, St. Louis, Mo. 337 pages. Price, \$2.50.

Referring to the original of this work, the translator remarks, "In search of the scheme of moral values in St. Thomas, I have found nothing more convincing than this study by M. Gilson." The truth of this statement will be apparent to one who is familiar with the thought of St. Thomas, and is sufficiently acquainted with the French language to catch the original idiom concealed in the English diction of Father Ward. Herein lies the chief fault of the book: an English dress has not made an English book of the study of M. Gilson.

—B. A. C.

The 1932 Almanac Edition of the Franciscan Catholic Monthly Review. Published by the Franciscan Magazine, 174 Ramsey St., Paterson, N. J. 384 pages. Price, 50 cents a copy, 60 cents by mail.

It is an age in which works of reference, summaries of definitions, facts, and statistics, are in great demand. Some kind of a Catholic reference book should be in every Catholic home. Questions, doubts, perplexities often arise that could easily and quickly be settled with its aid.

This almanac is one such book of reference. Over 1,200 subjects are listed. Things Catholic receive the major space; but other things, such as etiquette, home economics, first aid hints, etc., are given space as well.

My First Gift. The Child's First Mass Prayers, by Sister Mary Ambrose, O.P. Published by D. B. Hansen and Sons, 23 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.

This is a prayer-book that is uniquely made up to attract and satisfy the devotion of the very little child at Mass. A bright picture of the priest at the altar during the various important parts of the Mass opens upon every page. Opposite are simple little prayers in large print—suitable to the mind and heart of the child. Children will like it; parents would do well to give them a copy when they are beginning to attend Holy Mass.

—D. F. M.

Lucid Intervals

Your Obedient Servant.—“But I thought—” began the typist, meekly.

“It’s not your business to think,” snapped the manager. “All I pay you for is to take down letters word for word, without leaving bits out or adding bits of your own.”

That afternoon the following letter was brought for him to sign:

“Dear Mr. Brown.—Write it with an ‘e’—pure side, his father was a gardener. With regard to your letter of whatever date it was, I can’t be expected to read writing like this. I can quote you the following prices. Hi, Thompson, it’s that outsider Browne. How much shall we stick on? Twenty per cent? Make it thirty? Righto! Thirty bob, two pounds and two ten a ton. Awaiting your esteemed orders. I am yours truly, thank goodness that’s done.”

“Tough luck,” said the egg in the monastery. “Out of the frying pan into the friar.”

On the eve of their execution, an Irishman, a Scotchman and a Jew were asked if they would like any special delicacy. The Irishman voted for Irish stew, the Scotchman for a bottle of whisky, and the Jew fancied strawberries and cream.

“But,” protested the warden, “strawberries are not in season.”

“Vell,” replied the Jew, “I can wait.”

Mary: “Why do they keep lions at the central telephone office?”

Teacher: “Why do you ask such a question, Mary?”

Mary: “Well, when I call my daddy sometimes the central girl says, ‘The lion is busy.’”

A pompous man missed his silk handkerchief and accused an Irishman of stealing it. After some confusion the man found the handkerchief in his pocket and apologized for having accused the Irishman.

“Never mind at all,” said the latter. “Ye thought I was a thafe, and I thought you was a gentleman, an’ we were both mistaken.”

Judge (sternly)—“Well, what is your alibi for speeding 50 miles an hour?”

George—“I had just heard, your honor, that the ladies of my wife’s church were giving a rummage sale, and I was hurrying home to save my other pair of pants.”

Judge—“Case dismissed.”

“Mah bredren,” shouted Parson Potluck, “yo’ want t’ be ready to jump when yo’ heahs Gabriel blow dat horn.”

“Fo’ goodness sake!” murmured Brother Simpson, “am he a-comin’ in er autymobeel?”

A stout woman wedged into a crowded street car was having difficulty in getting into her tightly-buttoned jacket pocket to extract her fare.

“Madam,” said a man next to her, during her fruitless struggles, “let me pay your fare.”

She protested rather indignantly.

“My only reason for wishing to do so,” he said, “is that you’ve unbuttoned my suspenders three times trying to get into your pockets.”

Mandy: “Boy, dat sho am some ring. What size is de diamon?”

Rastus: “Dat am de fo’teen-year-installment size.”

“Do you know how to make a peach cordial?”

“Sure. Send her a box of candy.”

Business Man (to applicant): “Can you spell correctly?”

Stenog: “Yes, sir. I wish all the other words were as easy as that one.”

One of Levinsky’s customers was notorious for his slowness in meeting his liabilities. He simply would not pay for goods purchased. In desperation, Levinsky sent the following letter: “Sir—Who bought a lot of goods from me and did not pay?—You. But who promised to pay in sixty days?—You. Who didn’t pay in six months?—You. Who is a scoundrel, a thief, and a liar?—Yours truly, Al. Levinsky.”

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